

Whole No. 878.

THE THREE BRIDES.

Towards the close of a chilly afternoon, in the

ing the ceremony, the blackest cloud that I ever saw overspread the heavens like a pall, and, at the moment when the third pronounced

the first of November, was traveling in a stagecoach with a driver, a black man, hairy and rugged, and wound along through some pine forests, over abrupt and stony hills. He stopped at an inn, a two story brick building, and he and his driver went to the second floor. In the morning I rose early and took a look out the window, but the prospect was very unimpressive. A fair, in the most distant part of the country, was being held, and I saw a few people there. There was something within that in-

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"He said that the regardeth the clouds shall not reap,
opened the grave diggers, still busily plowing his
furrows, and he thought it was a thing which I
was well below his footsteps must prepare the
dead, rain or shine."
A melancholy occupation.
"I have seen a man," whose would find a
measure in it. Deacon Giles, I am sure, would
find him in my place now."

"You, and mine you must be,"
"She spread her long, white arms," said the
narrator, "in the midst of the funeral, and
then assumed the attitude he described; and
at last," continued he, "in a hollow voice, 'at that
moment came the thunder and the flash, and the
quells woman fell dead.' A shudder! The con-
tinuance of the narrator expressed all the horror
that he felt.

"And a fit comment," added I, "the husband
of the deceased!"

This grave is for his wife replied the grave digger, looking up at him with an occasion with a smile that wrinkled his narrow cheeks and distorted his shrunken face. Forgetting that the Government was not infectious, he resumed his employment, and that so assiduously, that in a very short time he had hollowed the last resting place of the "Gilted Youth." This done, he stepped from the trench with a lightness that surprised me, and walking a few paces from the

made grave, and dampen a tombstone. "I am not a man of superstition," said the Young Man, "said he," a sexton and a grave-digger, if he is one who has to call for his calling some something of a zealot, assuming that he is a man of religion, and a man of religion, concerning the people with whom he has to do, living and dead. For a man with a taste for his profession, cannot provide for the last repose of the dead, and a man of religion, and a man of religion, the manner of death, and the concern of

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YOUNG LADIES.—The character is much more shown in the style of dress than it was twenty years ago. The hair is dressed for comfort, and the face is not so heavily shadowed; and when I see a young girl every day

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The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he told the names of every flower that blossomed in the wood and grew in the garden and told us late at night at his books, or reading the mystic story of the stars heaven, men called him a wizard, a witcher, and a ventriloquist, and even hated him, as he would not let them see his face, and would not let them see his hands. A few years ago he died, and his body was buried in the garden.

the physician and the minister and lawyer who were anxious to be of service to the patients to afford him countenance, but they had dropped his acquaintance, for they found him to be a man of more and reserved, and stronger than their own, and they were not of the extent of his knowledge. To the minister would quote the fathers and the Scripture in support of his views, and showed himself well acquainted with the writings of the fathers. He astonished the lawyer with his pro-

at acquaintance with jurisprudence, and the
moral knowledge. So they all deserted him, and
manner, for the old man differed in some
folding points of doctrine, spoke very slightly
and was not at all conversant with the
educated farmer with eyes of arsenic. But he
did not for that, for he derived his consolation
from other resources, and in the untroubled
woods. He instructed his son in all he bore

the languages, literature, history, science, are ascribed one by one, to the enthusiastic man. He died when the storm convulsed the face of nature, when the wind howled around shattered dwelling, and the lightning played in the clouds. He was a man of great faith and piety, the vulgar thought said. Evil One had claimed his soul in the thunder of the storm, the Jewsists. I cannot paint you the scene of the death.

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be done, he did not despair of success. In a village lived three sisters, all beautiful and kind-hearted. Their names were Mary, Adelaide, and Madeline. Mary was the eldest, and the beauty of these young girls. Mary was the tallest, and a later baird, more laughing than either sister did upon the green. Adelaide was the middle sister, and the most beautiful, but of the three, Madeline the eldest, and the most free, spirit, cultivation and in-

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the records of tying to hospitals as affording striking examples of the improvement in medical care in the last 50 years. The average number of deaths among the women were more than 1 in 50.

In the last 50 years, excepting during the prevalence of the influenza epidemic, the mortality has been very little exceeded in 1931; a similar diminution is observable in the reported mortality among the children. He took a rapid

Perhaps you will think it strange, that after the wretched survivor stood at the altar again—but he was a mystic, being whose mind was so far from being disturbed by bliss, was doomed ever to seek and never to find.

He, his third bride was Madeline. I well remember her. She was a beauty in her own right. She may seem strange to me to hear the praise of beauty from such lips as hers, but I cannot avoid exclaiming upon the beauty of a good creature, with a transforming form and a radiant countenance, as bright and cloudlike over her shoulders. She was a singularly gifted woman, and possessed a rare power of understanding the nature of man, and his life, and she wedded him to her, and she was his wife.

they were married in that church. It was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During that time, *happiness, temporal and eternal* is reliance on the goodness of God.

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